

## Letter from Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel Hubbard Bell, June 29, 1888, with transcript

Letter from Dr. Alexander Graham Bell to Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell. Alexandra Hotel, Friday, June 29th 1888 Dear Mabel:

I wish you were not quite so far away, I want you so much now, I think if you were near me you would sympathize with me, but far away you cannot realize how much my heart has been wrapped up in my work, and how mortified and disgusted with myself I am. I commenced so well, and made a great impression, but I talked too much and spoiled it all. My only hope is in the proof, I am waiting for that. If I can only correct the proof before it is too late, I may leave a record I will not be ashamed of. But as it is I am mortified at some things I have said, and feel that my whole testimony whittled down to a tame conclusion.

The end is important, I want to get the proof especially as the chairman gave me liberty to append to the evidence a brief statement recapitulating the chief points. That will be my chance to end properly, and he also gave me liberty to cut out. I am as nervous as I can be over it. I have worked so hard over the whole matter, you know I have, and I don't want to make a failure of it at last. I feel quite ill over the whole matter, and sick at heart, and I have no one to whom I can turn. For you haven't a particle of sympathy f or my work — there I am fated ever to be alone. If you were only here, you would have sympathy for me — I am so miserable and unhappy and alone.

I haven't had heart enough to do anything, except stay in bed all day. I am forcing myself now to write something because you seem to think more of a stale letter than a fresh telegram, and you see the result. I haven't any heart to write a letter that I know you won't see for days, in fact I suppose I will see you before you get it or as soon. I am only waiting for that proof. Your letter just received, says you must have a 2 letter no matter how busy I am, and this is the result, a scrawl that I dare not keep, for then I know I would not send

## Library of Congress

it, and then you would feel “dreadfully hurt” — even though I sent you telegrams by the bushel to show you that I love you and think of you too. Telegrams don't count — or rather you don't make any allusion to having received any. They don't prove that I think of you at all, and if Mr. Hitz ventures to address a newspaper to you — that is letting him come between me and you. Have you received no telegrams from me that you say you can't stand this silence any longer? I sent you several, explaining too how it was I could not write. Do they count absolutely for nothing? I don't understand it all. I care twenty thousand times as much for ten words of a telegram that comes from you right now — than for all the volumes you could write that came to me stale, and speak only of the past. To me — a letter that is a week old, might just as well have been written in the middle ages — it is stale — it speaks of the past, which has gone for ever, just as though it had been a hundred years ago, instead of a week.

And just at the tail of your letter a little postscript — by the by — I forgot the proof of your first days testimony. You forgot to allude to that over which I have worked myself ill — and which may prove the death of me yet. I am sick and tired and disgusted with myself and all the world, and if I could only put the last finishing touches to that proof, I should be perfectly content to go to sleep and never wake up any more to find myself alone in heart, and separated by my work from those I love.

Your unhappy, husband, Alec.